ATLAS

JOURNEY INTO MYSTERY

10¢

FEB. NO. 5

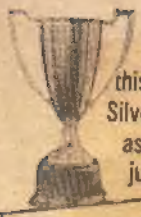
TAKE THESE JOURNEYS INTO MYSTERY

ZOMBIE!

INNOCENT BYSTANDER!

CONDEMNED!

"FRIGHT

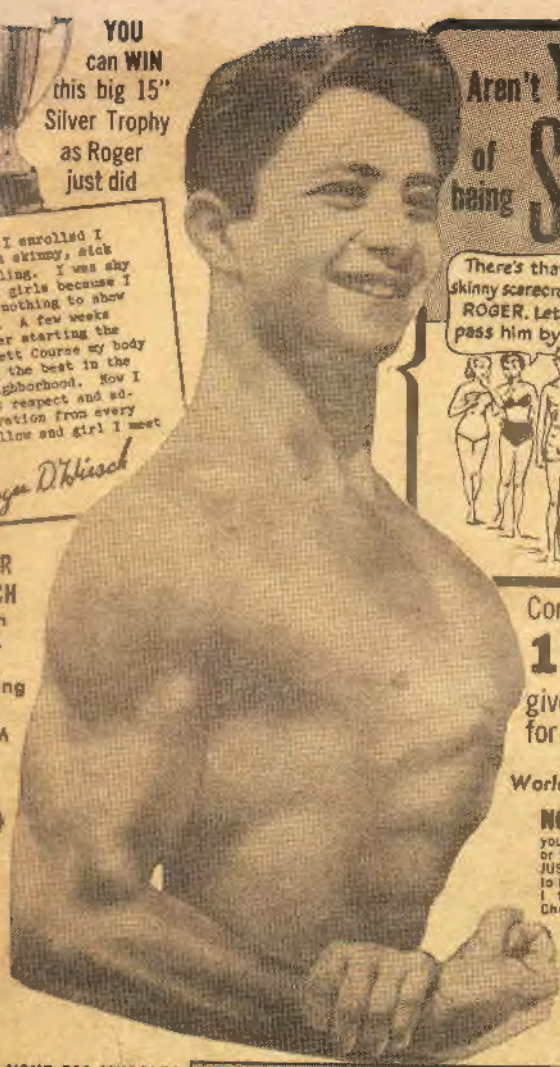


YOU can WIN this big 15" Silver Trophy as Roger just did

When I enrolled I was a skinny, stick weakling. I was shy with girls because I had nothing to show off. A few weeks after starting the Jowett Course my body was the best in the neighborhood. Now I get respect and admiration from every fellow and girl I meet

Roger D'Hirsch

ROGER HIRSCH was an 112 lb. 6 ft. weakling LOOK AT HIM NOW!



Aren't YOU as SICK of being SKINNY and Tired as I was

CHICKEN-CHESTED
SPINDLE-ARMED
NARROW-SHOULDERED
SHORT-WINDED
WEAK, HALF-ALIVE
JEERED, BULLIED

?

Then do as I did... MAIL THE COUPON BELOW

I gained 53 lbs. of mighty muscle
I added 6½ inches to my CHEST
3 inches to each ARM
And the rest in proportion — ALL IN A FEW SHORT WEEKS by using the JOWETT SYSTEM for building Real HE-MEN

Come on, PAL, Now YOU give me 10 pleasant Minutes a Day in your own home . . . and I'll give YOU a NEW HE-MAN BODY for your OLD SKELETON FRAME.

says GEORGE F. JOWETT
World's Greatest Builder of HE-MEN

George F. Jowett Whom experts call "Champion of Champions"
• World's wrestling and ms. lifting champ
• World's Strongest Arms.
• 4 times "World's Perfect Body" Winner.

NO! I don't care how skinny or flabby you are; if you're a teen-ager, in your 20's or 30's or over; if you're short or tall, or what work you do. All I want is JUST 10 EXCITING MINUTES in your home to MAKE YOU OVER by the SAME METHOD I turned myself from a wreck to a Champion of Champions.

YES! You'll see INCH upon INCH of MIGHTY MUSCLE added to YOUR ARMS. Your CHEST deepened. Your BACK AND SHOULDERS broadened. From head to heels, you'll gain SOLIDITY, SIZE, POWER, SPEED! You'll become an ALL-Around, ALL-American HE-MAN, a WINNER in everything you tackle—or my Training won't cost you one solitary cent!

Develop YOUR 520 MUSCLES Gain Pounds, INCHES, FAST!

Friend, I've traveled the world. Made a LIFETIME STUDY of every way known to develop your body. Then I devised the BEST by TEST, my "5-WAY PROGRESSIVE POWER" the only method that builds you 5 ways fast. You save YEARS, DOLLARS like movie star Tom Tyler did. Like Champ Roger Hirsch did. Like MANY THOUSANDS like you did. SO . . .

MAIL COUPON NOW and GET

NOW LET ME MAKE YOU LIKE ROGER A WINNER IN EVERY WALK OF LIFE

WHAM
DARLING THAT BULLY WON'T PICK ON YOU AGAIN
JOE WALLOPED ANOTHER HOMER HE'S SURE TO BE "CAPTAIN NOW"
JOE YOUR NEW ENERGY AND APPEARANCE MUST DO A GOOD JOB YOU EARNED YOUR PROMOTION

BOTH FREE!
1. Photo Book of STRONG MEN
2. MUSCLE METER

MA-31

"Jowett Courses greatest in World for Building All-Around HE-MEN". —B.F. Keller Physical Director

JOWETT INSTITUTE OF PHYSICAL TRAINING
220 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK 1, N.Y.

Dear George: Please mail to me FREE Jowett's Photo Book of Strong Men and a Muscle Meter, plus all 5 HE-MAN Building Courses: 1. How to Build a Mighty Chest. 2. How to Build a Mighty Arm. 3. How to Build a Mighty Grip. 4. How to Build a Mighty Back. 5. How to Build Mighty Legs—Now all in One Volume "How to Become a Mighty He-Man." ENCLOSED FIND 10c FOR POSTAGE AND HANDLING (No C.O.D's).

NAME _____ AGE _____
ADDRESS _____
CITY _____ ZONE _____ STATE _____

This may be Your LAST chance to GET AMAZING
NATIONAL EMERGENCY OFFER

All these 5 Picture-Packed COURSES on He-Man Building for only while supply lasts! 10¢

MILLIONS have been sold for $1 and more

How to Build MIGHTY ARMS | How to Build A MIGHTY CHEST | How to Build A MIGHTY GRIP | How to Build A MIGHTY BACK | How to Build MIGHTY LEGS | FREE Photo Book How to Achieve Nerves of Steel, Muscles of Iron

FREE!
If you mail coupon NOW
1 MUSCLE METER
2 JOWETT'S Photo Book of Famous Strong Men!

His amazing book, "Nerves of Steel, Muscles of Iron," has guided thousands of weaklings to muscular power. Packed with photos of miracle men of might and muscle who started perhaps weaker than you are. Read the thrilling adventures of Jowett in strength that inspired his pupils to follow him. They'll show you the best way to might and muscle. Send for FREE gift book of PHOTOS OF FAMOUS STRONG MEN

JOURNEY INTO MYSTERY is published BI-MONTHLY by CANAM PUBLISHERS SALES CORP. Office of publication: 270 Park Avenue, New York, N. Y. Application for second-class entry pending at the post office at New York, N. Y. under the Act of March 3, 1879. Additional entry at HOLYOKE, MASS. Copyright 1952 by CANAM PUBLISHERS SALES CORP., 270 Park Avenue, New York, N. Y. Vol. 1 No. 5, FEBRUARY, 1953 issue. Price 10¢ per copy. Subscription rate $1.45 for 12 issues including postage. No similarity between any of the names, characters, persons, and/or institutions appearing in this magazine with those of any living or dead person or institution is intended, and any such similarity which may exist is purely coincidental. Printed in the U. S. A.

FRIGHT!

I SAW KURT HESITATE AS HE HELD THE WHIP, AND I SHOUTED AT HIM WITH THE FURY OF A CAGED TIGER...

I SMILED AS THE WHIP BIT INTO THE ACHING FLESH OF THE INMATE! NOW THE SIMPERING IDIOTS WOULD KNOW WHO WAS BOSS OF "DRAKE'S HOME FOR THE FEEBLE-MINDED"!

ALL NAMES AND PLACES IN THESE STORIES ARE FICTITIOUS
ANY SIMILARITY BETWEEN ACTUAL PERSONS OR PLACES AND THOSE USED IN THESE STORIES IS PURELY COINCIDENTAL

AS THE WHIP DESCENDED AGAIN AND AGAIN, I WATCHED THE FEAR-FILLED FACES PEERING THRU THE BARS!

EACH FACE WAS UGLIER THAN THE OTHER...

BUT THERE WAS ONE THING THEY ALL HAD IN COMMON...

...AND THAT WAS *HATRED!* DEEP, FIERCE, ETERNAL HATRED FOR ME!

AND THEN THE WHIPPING ENDED...THE VICTIM WAS UNCONSCIOUS! I SIGNALLED TO KURT TO PICK HIM UP...

THROW HIM BACK IN HIS CELL, YOU OVERGROWN APE! AND BE QUICK ABOUT IT!

YES, SIR, MISTER DRAKE!

I TURNED ON MY HEEL AND WALKED OUT...OUT PAST THE HATE-FILLED FACES, OUT PAST THE DANK DUNGEONS...

ONE SIDE, YOU SNIVELLING, BRAINLESS DOLTS!

ANYONE IN THE SILENT HORDE COULD HAVE BROKEN ME IN TWO LIKE A MATCHSTICK! AND ANYONE OF THEM WOULD HAVE GLADLY DONE IT! BUT I RULED THEM ALL BY FEAR! THEY WERE AFRAID OF ME...

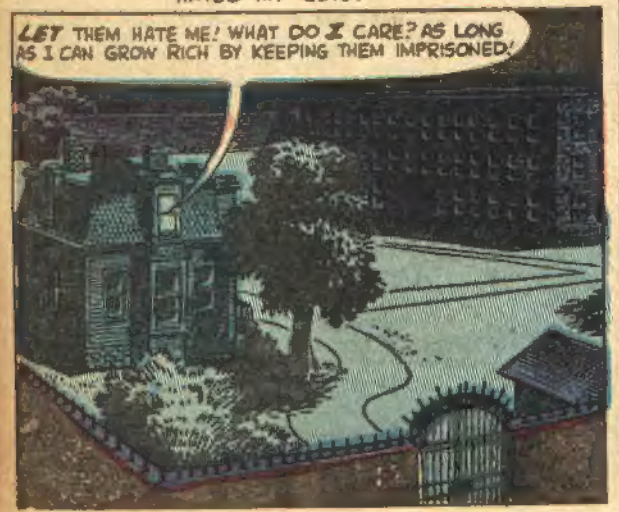
I CROSSED THE YARD AND WALKED TOWARD MY HOUSE! IT WAS TIME FOR MY WIFE TO HAVE DINNER READY! SHE KNEW BETTER THAN TO BE LATE WITH MY MEALS...

EMMA, OPEN THE DOOR! IT'S DRAKE!

I DON'T KNOW WHY A MAN OF MY INTELLIGENCE EVER MARRIED A WOMAN LIKE EMMA! SHE MIGHT HAVE BEEN PRETTY ONCE, BUT SHE WAS MORE OF A SERVANT TO ME NOW THAN A WIFE!

FINALLY, I FINISHED DINNER, AND AS I WAS ON MY WAY UPSTAIRS...

AS I LAY IN MY BED, I THOUGHT OF MY ASYLUM ACROSS THE YARD...AND OF THE FEEBLE-MINDED INMATES WITHIN WHO HATED MY GUTS!



SUDDENLY, I WAS STARTLED BY A SCREAM OF TERROR FROM THE STONE BUILDING...

I LEAPED OUT OF BED AND RACED DOWN THE STAIRS! THE INMATES HAD BEEN WARNED NEVER TO DISTURB ME AT NIGHT BY SHOUTING! THEY WOULD BE MADE TO PAY FOR DISOBEYING MY WARNING!

I REACHED THE VIOLENT WARD AND FOUND KURT APPLYING SALVE TO THE BACK OF THE MAN HE HAD WHIPPED BEFORE

WHAT ARE YOU DOING, YOU STUPID FOOL?
I--I'M SORRY, MISTER DRAKE! HIS BACK HURT SO MUCH I TRIED PUTTING SOME SALVE ON IT!
OH-H-H! MY BACK!

SUDDENLY, I HEARD A GUTTURAL CRY FROM BEHIND ME! TURNING, I SAW DEATH STARING ME IN THE FACE!

I DUCKED SUDDENLY AND LASHED OUT WITH MY FOOT... TRIPPING THE WOULD-BE ASSASSIN...

THEN I LEAPED ON TOP OF HIM AND GRABBED HIS KNIFE-HAND!
DO YOU REALIZE HOW MANY LASHES YOU'LL GET FOR THIS?? I'LL HAVE YOU CUT TO RIBBONS!!
NO! NO! PLEASE... NO!
BUT I HEARD MUTTERING VOICES BEHIND ME! TURNING, I SAW THE OTHER INMATES WATCHING ME HATEFULLY THRU THE BARS!
NO!
DON'T WHIP HIM!
HE CAN'T STAND IT!
LET HIM ALONE!
I KNEW THEN WHAT I HAD TO DO!
THIS WAS MY CHANCE TO TEACH THEM ALL A LESSON!
TO SHOW WHAT HAPPENED TO ANY WHO TRIED TO DEFY ME!
A LESSON THEY'D NEVER FORGET!
THERE WAS DEAD SILENCE AS I ROSE FROM THE FLOOR! I KNEW THAT EVERY HEART WAS FILLED WITH FEAR! THEY HAD FINALLY LEARNED THAT I WAS THE UNDISPUTED MASTER!
I'LL CLAIM HE COMMITTED SUICIDE! IT'LL BE MY WORD AGAINST YOURS! HA! HA! HA!
BUT BEFORE I COULD SAY ANOTHER WORD A PAIR OF POWERFUL HANDS SEIZED ME BY THE NECK AND BEGAN TO CHOKE ME!
ARGH
5

THE LAST SIGHT I REMEMBERED BEFORE I LOST CONSCIOUSNESS WAS KURT HOLDING ME WITH ONE VISE-LIKE ARM AS HE INJECTED A NEEDLE INTO ME WITH THE OTHER!

THE NEXT THING I REMEMBER WAS BEING CARRIED TO THE LITTLE GRAVEYARD OUTSIDE OF THE ASYLUM... EMMA WAS WAITING THERE!

I TRIED TO SPEAK... BUT THE WORDS WOULDN'T COME OUT! I TRIED TO STAND, BUT LOST MY BALANCE! I WAS LIKE A MAN WHO WAS DRUNK... OR ***WORSE***...

THE POLICE WILL BE HERE SOON! I'LL TELL THEM DRAKE WENT CRAZY BECAUSE OF OVERWORK!
THEY'LL BELIEVE YOU! LOOK HOW HE'S ACTING NOW!
I... (GULP...) WHERE...? EH... OH!

YOU SHOULD HAVE LISTENED, DRAKE. WHEN I TRIED TO ASK YOU FOR A DIVORCE SO I COULD MARRY KURT... BUT KURT HAD A ***BETTER*** IDEA!
IF EMMA ***STAYS*** MARRIED TO YOU, SHE'LL INHERIT YOUR MONEY ***AND*** THIS ASYLUM WHEN YOU GO!
GO? G-GO WHERE?

THE REST OF THE EVENING WAS A LIVING NIGHTMARE! I REMEMBER THE POLICE COMING AND TAKING ME AWAY! A PRISON PSYCHIATRIST EXAMINED ME, BUT I COULDN'T TALK STRAIGHT! NOBODY SUSPECTED I HAD BEEN DRUGGED!

POOR OLD DRAKE! I ALWAYS FIGGERED HE'D CRACK UP SOONER OR LATER!
HE HAS OBVIOUSLY LOST HIS MIND!
YOU'LL HAVE TO CARE FOR HIM UNTIL THE DIVORCE, MRS. DRAKE!
I WILL, YOUR HONOR! THANK YOU!

THEY KEPT ME LOCKED UP IN THE CELLAR OF MY HOUSE FOR WEEKS...ONLY COMING DOWN ONCE A DAY TO BRING ME FOOD!
EMMA! KURT! HOW MUCH LONGER MUST I STAY HERE?!
LISTEN TO HIM! THE DRUG'S WORN OFF! HE'S SANE AGAIN!
YOU WON'T HAVE TO STAY ANY LONGER! EMMA RECEIVED HER DIVORCE TODAY ...AND THE JUDGE ALLOWED HER ALL YOUR MONEY AND YOUR ASYLUM!
THEN... WH-WHAT ABOUT ME?
WHERE CAN I GO? WHAT CAN I DO?
DON'T WORRY, DRAKE! WE HAVE A PLACE FOR YOU!
YOU DO?
OF COURSE!
AS FAR AS THE JUDGE KNOWS, YOU'VE LOST YOUR MIND! AND WE HAVE JUST THE SPOT FOR A MAN WHO'S LOST HIS MIND!
BUT YOU DRUGGED ME! I HAVEN'T LOST MY MIND! I'M AS SANE AS YOU ARE!
YES... BUT YOU WON'T BE FOR LONG!
COME IN, MISTER DRAKE! WE'VE BEEN WAITING FOR YOU FOR A LONG, LONG TIME!
THE END

ATLAS FOR THE BEST IN SUSPENSE STORIES LOOK FOR THE ATLAS SEAL ON THE COVER! ATLAS

THE BIG SHOES

IT WAS just before the holiday season, and Marleigh's Department Store was jammed with people who shopped and laughed and bought, all people looking forward to the happy holiday weekend ahead. The cash registers jingled with the merriment of the season, and even though it was difficult to squeeze your way through the crowded aisles, there were smiles on the faces of the hurrying customers, as well as on those of the tired but spirited clerks, for they looked ahead to the weekend, too.

Ben Moorehead was busy in his own department on the second floor of Marleigh's. He was a clerk in the shoe department, and it seemed that everyone in town was planning to buy new shoes for special occasions on the weekend. The gold-leather seats were crowded with women, men and children, as well as myriads of gaily-wrapped packages and bulging paper bags decorated with the gay red-and-chartreuse 'Marleigh's' written across.

A bell jingled, and Ben looked up. Mr. Harvey, the head of the shoe department, was ringing for a clerk, and Ben sighed when he realized that he was the only one without a customer.

He walked quickly over to where Mr. Harvey impatiently directed, and found himself in front of a large, middle-aged woman dressed in a perfectly ridiculous purple coat and a shocking pink hat under which she had shoved great puffs of greying hair.

"Yes, madam . . . may I help you?"

"Well, young man . . . that's why you're here, isn't that so?"

Ben shuddered . . . here was another customer that would make his blood boil. He sat down on the little shoe-stool and measured the fat woman's foot.

"Size nine and a half," he announced, as untactful as he could be. "Would madam be interested in some fine oxfords?"

The woman's mouth twitched with annoyance. "Size EIGHT AND A HALF, young man, and I want the very latest thing in gold, spike-heeled platform shoes, with ankle straps . . . AND OPEN TOE!"

Ben knew the routine. He got up wearily and went to the back. He came out again and held seven or eight boxes in his arms. The woman moaned as she pushed her feet into one pair of size eight and a half's after another, but, just as Ben had suspected, she just couldn't make up her mind.

Then, after about a half hour of nodding and smiling frozen smiles, Ben took all the boxes back to the storeroom. The woman walked out of the shoe department, without a new pair of shoes.

"Oh, never mind then," Ben remembered her saying as she threw the eight pairs of shoes to the floor, "I was really just looking, that's all."

Before Ben came out of the storeroom again, the bell jingled for him once more. He tried to look cheerful as Mr. Harvey directed him to a young man, obviously just home for the holiday recess from college.

"White kid shoes, please, size ten and a half." the young man smiled.

"I'm dreadfully sorry," Ben apologized, happy to hear the word 'please' from a customer for a change, ". . . but they're not in season at this time of the year. Perhaps tan . . . or how about rust sueded . . . just the thing for college."

"Well, alright," he replied, noting the pleased look on his clerk's face.

Ben brought out three boxes of shoes. The boy tried on a pair, and studied his feet carefully in the twelve mirrors along the side of the department. He walked back, tried on the other

CONTINUED AFTER NEXT STORY

ZOMBIE!

DEEP SHADOWS OF NIGHT HIDE MANY THINGS IN A NATIVE VILLAGE OF HAITI, AND A MAN WHO IS HUNTED CAN WALK ONLY IN FEAR THRU THE DARKNESS ..

EVERY DOORWAY, EVERY CORNER CAN CONCEAL DANGER! EVERY SHADOW CAN MEAN DEATH..

IT'S HIM! HE'S COMIN' THIS WAY..!

AND WHEN AT LAST THE HUNTER IS CLOSE ON THE TRAIL, THE QUARRY MUST H DE QUICKLY .. USING THAT SAME DARKNESS AS A PROTECTIVE CLOAK..

IF HE SEES ME, I'M DONE FOR! WHAT THE--? WHAT IS THAT WITH HIM?

DON'T MOVE! BE STILL! IT IS A ZOMBIE!

ONE OF THE WALKING DEAD! IF HE SEES US WE WILL DIE!

D. PRATT

A SPINE-TINGLING JOURNEY INTO MYSTERY!

EVEN THE NATIVES, WHO HAVE OFTEN SEEN ZOMBIES WANDERING THE STREETS AT NIGHT, CRINGE IN FEAR OF THE CREATURE FROM THE GRAVE

IT IS EVIL TO BRING THE DEAD BACK TO WALK THE EARTH! THEY HAVE NO MINDS OF THEIR OWN!

THEY OBEY ONLY THE COMMANDS OF THEIR MASTER... THE MAN WHO FIRST BRINGS THEM BACK WITH VOODOO!

THE ZOMBIE ALWAYS FINDS HIS VICTIM! YOU CAN NEVER ESCAPE FROM THE ZOMBIE!

WHEN THE COAST IS CLEAR, BLACKIE NOLAN DOUBLES BACK ON HIS TRAIL... BUT THE WORDS OF THE NATIVES HAVE SUNK DEEP INTO HIS MIND, AND HE IS AFRAID...

A ZOMBIE! CRIPES! HE'S REALLY OUT TO GET ME BECAUSE I FRAMED HIM ON THAT BURGLARY RAP BACK IN THE STATES!

A SHARP PICTURE FORMS IN BLACKIE'S BRAIN, A FEELING OF WHAT IT WOULD BE LIKE WHEN THE ZOMBIE CAUGHT UP WITH HIM...

NO! NO! GO AWAY! LEAVE ME ALONE!

AND EVEN THOUGH HE KNOWS THAT BULLETS ARE NO PROTECTION AGAINST THE WALKING DEAD .. HE WOULD TRY TO DEFEND HIMSELF...

POW!

POW!

BUT HE ALSO KNOWS THAT THERE IS NO DEFENSE AGAINST A ZOMBIE!

ARRGGH!

His hands tremble and his legs grow weak. His entire body is tense, a bundle of nerves as he stumbles into the local bar for a drink...

He'll never escape from Larsen, now that he's got a blasted zombie on his side!..

The thought rolls over and over in his mind, as the drink burns a hot path down his throat.

If only I had someone like that on my side... A zombie of my own.. Hey! That's it!

I'll get myself a zombie, too! And I'll beat Larsen and his goon to the punch!

Blackie Nolan's fear gives way to excitement as he realizes that there is a way for him to survive.. The old trick of beating a guy to the punch!

Now I'll get down to the native cemetery and see how they do it!.. All I gotta do is memorize the voodoo ceremony, and get a dead man to do my dirty work for me!

The night is hot and damp and steaming mists rise from the moist graveyard earth as Blackie moves quickly in the shadows.

The pulsing beat of voodoo drums send a rhythm of madness echoing among the gravestones and there by the light of the flickering fire the natives dance!

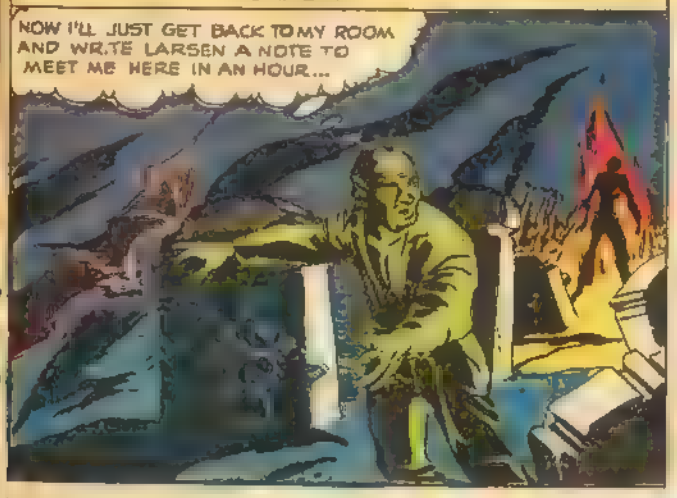
Looks like they're just startin'! I'm in luck!

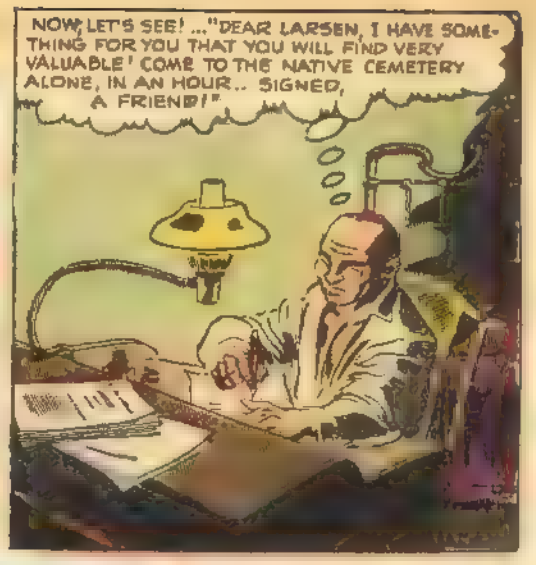
Suddenly the drums cease their wild tattoo, and the graveyard is filled with a deathly silence as they wait for the voodoo to begin.

CONTINUED AFTER NEXT PAGE...

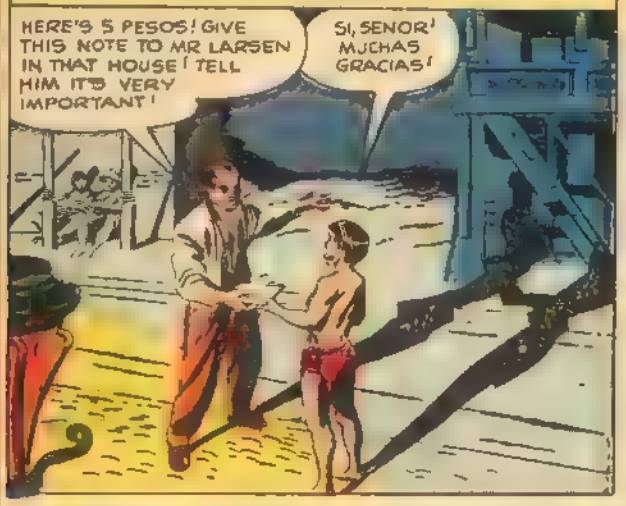
DEVIL OF VOODOO.. GIVE THIS IMAGE THE POWER TO BRING BACK THE BODY THAT LIES BENEATH THIS EARTH...
I PLACE THE IMAGE ABOVE THE BODY! SEND THE BODY TO US... TO DO OUR BIDDING!
AS ONCE THE BODY WAS PUT INTO THE GRAVE AND COVERED WITH EARTH..
NOW LET IT RISE AS MY SLAVE... A ZOMBIE!
BLACKIE LISTENS CAREFULLY TO EACH CHANTED WORD IN THE CEREMONY AND COMMITS THE RITE TO MEMORY..
SOUNDS LIKE A LOT OF MUMBO-JUMBO! BUT I GOTTA REMEMBER ALL THAT! I CAN'T FORGET A WORD!
HOLY SMOKE! IT REALLY WORKS!..
OUT OF THE GRAVE AND THE COFFIN THAT ONCE HELD ITS COLD, DEAD FLESH..
UP FROM THE TOMB THAT ONCE IMPRISONED THE SLEEPING CORPSE..
IT RISES TO WALK THE EARTH AS THE LIVING-DEAD..

BLACKIE HAS SEEN ENOUGH TO KNOW THAT HE HAS FOUND A WAY TO SAVE HIS LIFE! SOON HE WILL HAVE HIS OWN ZOMBIE TO DESTROY HIS ENEMY!

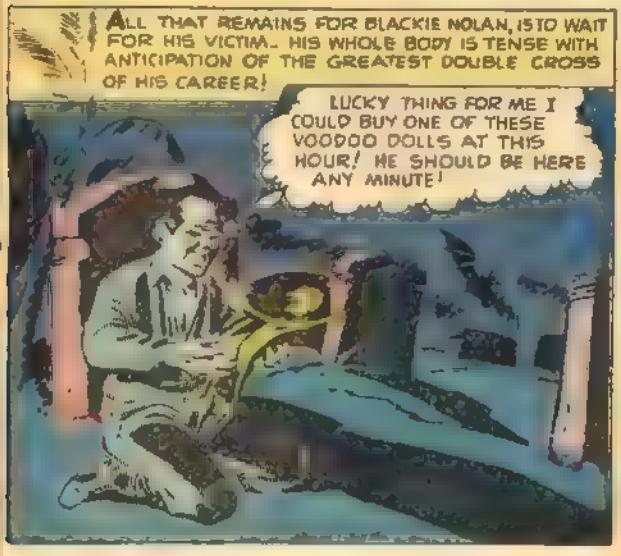



NOW, LET'S SEE! ..."DEAR LARSEN, I HAVE SOMETHING FOR YOU THAT YOU WILL FIND VERY VALUABLE! COME TO THE NATIVE CEMETERY ALONE, IN AN HOUR.. SIGNED, A FRIEND!"

A FEW MINUTES LATER, HE FINDS A NATIVE BOY TO CARRY HIS NOTE TO LARSEN!



ALL THAT REMAINS FOR BLACKIE NOLAN, IS TO WAIT FOR HIS VICTIM.. HIS WHOLE BODY IS TENSE WITH ANTICIPATION OF THE GREATEST DOUBLE CROSS OF HIS CAREER!



THE CRUNCH OF GRAVEL ON THE GRAVEYARD PATH WARNS BLACKIE THAT HIS VICTIM IS COMING.. ALONE...

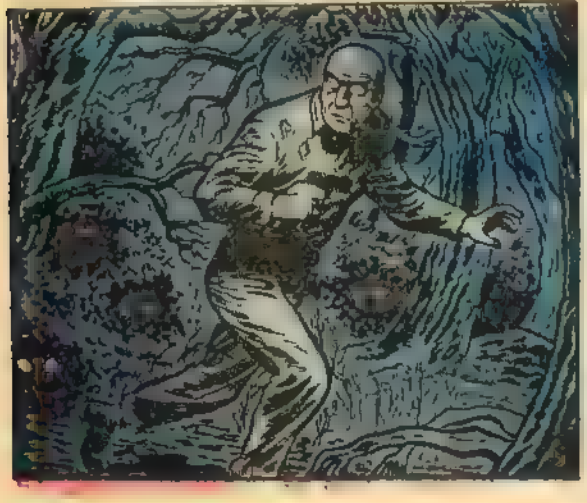
SWIFTLY HE PERFORMS THE CEREMONY HE HAS MEMORIZED WITH THE VOODOO DOLL LYING ON THE DEAD MAN'S GRAVE..
AS ONCE THE BODY WAS PUT INTO THE GRAVE AND COVERED WITH EARTH..
..NOW LET IT RISE AS MY SLAVE.. A ZOMBIE!
YOU WANTED TO SEE ME? WHAT TH--? BLACKIE NOLAN... IT'S YOU!
YEAH, LARSEN! IT'S ME, AND THIS TIME I BEAT YOU TO IT..
I GOT MY OWN ZOMBIE, NOW LOOK AT HIM COMIN' OUTTA HIS GRAVE..
KILL HIM! I'M YOUR MASTER RIP HIM TO PIECES..
GO AHEAD! WHAT ARE YOU WAITING FOR? WHA--? NO! NO! IT CAN'T BE--I MUST'VE PICKED THE WRONG GRAVE...
NO IT'S THE RIGHT GRAVE, BLACKIE THAT'S MY ZOMBIE YOU BROUGHT UP FROM THE DEAD!
THE END

ATLAS FOR THE BEST IN SUSPENSE STORIES LOOK FOR THE ATLAS SEAL ON THE COVER! ATLAS

CONDEMNED!

YOU ARE THE CONDEMNED, LEE DANTON... IN FOUR HOURS YOU ARE TO PAY FOR THE MURDER YOU COMMITTED! AT MIDNIGHT YOU ARE TO DIE IN THE ELECTRIC CHAIR! BUT IN ONE WILD MOMENT YOU DETERMINE NOT TO DIE... YOU SCREAM AND SCRATCH AND CLAW YOUR WAY TO FREEDOM!

AS YOU STUMBLE ON AIMLESSLY THROUGH THE WOODS THORNY FINGERS CUT INTO YOUR FLESH... A THOUSAND EYES WATCH YOU FROM THE BLACKNESS, BUT NO TERROR COMPARES WITH THAT DEATH IN THE CHAIR FROM WHICH YOU FLEE!



FOR HOURS YOU GO ON, DANTON, YOUR MIND AND BODY NUMB EXCEPT FOR ONE THOUGHT AND ONE EFFORT --- ESCAPE!

THE STREETS OF THE STRANGE TOWN ARE UNFRIENDLY...EVERY SHADOW AN ENEMY... YOU WONDER WHERE A CONDEMNED MAN CAN HIDE... WHOM HE CAN TRUST...
THE ALARM MUST BE OUT FOR ME... THE POLICE WILL SEARCH THE WOODS AND EVERY TOWN!
A SINGLE DIM LIGHT BECKONS YOU, LEE DANTON...AN OPEN DOOR TO A DINGY CELLAR SHOP IS AN INVITATION TO ENTER THE UNKNOWN...
I GOT NOTHIN' TO LOSE...THERE'S NOTH N' WORSE THAN THE HOT SEAT.
RADIO
FRANZ KUHL
RADIO & TELEVISION
AT LEAST I CAN MAKE WHOEVER'S HERE HIDE ME OUT A FEW DAYS TILL THE HEAT'S OFF!
THERE'S A FIGURE IN THE GLOOM... SO STILL IT STARTLES YOU... YOU SPEAK...BUT YOUR VOICE QUIVERS...
YOU, MISTER—STAND UP! Y-YOU DO AS I SAY OR I'LL PUT A HOLE IN YOUR HEAD!
OH...I DIDN'T HEAR YOU COME IN! YOU'VE COME TO ROB ME? I HAVE NOTHING!
THE COPS ARE AFTER ME! I WAS TO FRY TONIGHT, BUT I ESCAPED FROM THE DEATH HOUSE! YOU'VE GOT TO HIDE ME!
YOU SEE WHAT THIS PLACE IS LIKE! THERE'S NOWHERE TO H DE...UNLESS..
UNLESS WHAT?
I'VE JUST FINISHED AN INVENTION I'VE BEEN WORKING ON FOR YEARS... IT CAN SEND YOU BY TELEVISION TO ANY SPOT IN THE WORLD YOU'D LIKE TO GO!
LISTEN, YOU...IF YOU'RE KIDDIN' ME, I'LL KILL YOU!
TAKE THIS BOX! WITH IT, YOU CAN CONTROL YOUR DESTINATION! IT WILL REACT TO YOUR ORDERS... SEND A SIGNAL TO THE MASTER MACH NE HERE AND YOU WILL BE TELEVISED TO WHERE YOU WANT TO GO!
HOW DO I KNOW THIS ISN'T A TR CK?
YOU DON'T...YOU'LL HAVE TO TRUST ME! NOW, TELL ME WHERE YOU WANT TO GO!

OF COURSE YOU DON'T BELIEVE THE MACHINE WILL WORK, DANTON, AND YET YOU'RE DESPERATE ENOUGH TO OBEY EVEN THE COMMANDS OF A MADMAN...
I WANT TO GO TO KIMBERLY, AFRICA...TO A DIAMOND MINE WHERE THE ICE LAYS AROUND FOR THE PICKIN'!
YOU FEEL THAT YOU MIGHT AS WELL WISH FOR THE MOON WHILE YOU'RE AT IT...SO YOU DIAL YOUR DESTINATION ...RADIOMAN FRANZ KUHL THROWS A SWITCH... YOUR ENTIRE BEING SEEMS TO DISSOLVE...
SPACE IS BLACK, AND STRANGE WHITE FIGURES SCREECH BY AS YOU FLASH THROUGH SPACE WITH THE SPEED OF LIGHT...
IN A FEW SECONDS MOTION STOPS...YOU CALL OUT, AND YOUR OWN VOICE ANSWERS IN A HOLLOW ECHO...THEN YOU FEEL FOR A MATCH...
IT'S A MIRACLE! I'VE NOT ONLY ESCAPED! I'LL BE RICH!
SOON YOUR BAG IS FILLED WITH THE PRECIOUS STONES...THEN YOU LOOK ABOUT UNEASILY...
I'D BETTER START WALKIN' NOW IF I EVER EXPECT TO FIND MY WAY OUT OF HERE!
BUT AS YOU STUMBLE THROUGH THE LABYRINTH OF SILENT TUNNELS, YOUR BACK BENT BY THE HEAVY LOAD OF DIAMONDS IN YOUR BAG, YOUR FEAR TURNS TO PANIC...
S-SUPPOSE I NEVER GET OUT! I'D STARVE...DIE... THAT'D BE ALMOST AS BAD AS DYIN' IN THE CHAIR!
SUDDENLY YOUR HEART LEAPS AS YOU REMEMBER THE CONTROL BOX IN YOUR POCKET...
I DON'T HAVE TO STAY HERE...I CAN GO WHERE I WANT, WHERE THERE'S PEOPLE AND EXCITEMENT!
JUST AS YOU FINISH DIALING, THE LAST MATCH BURNS ITSELF OUT...YOU CALL THE STRANGE INVENTOR, FRANZ KUHL...
NOT BACK TO THE U.S.! MAKE IT BRAZIL! I'VE ALWAYS WANTED TO GO THERE!

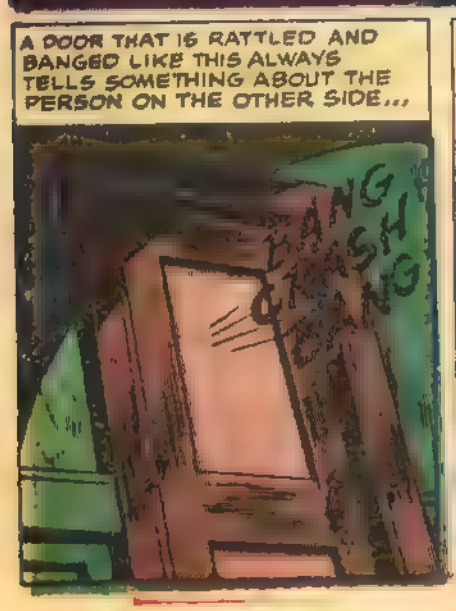
EVEN AS YOU FEEL YOURSELF DISSOLVE, DANTON, YOU PICTURE YOURSELF IN LOVELY BRAZIL, LIVING LIKE A KING...THEN SPACE SCREAMS BY YOU AGAIN...
AND YOU ARRIVE IN BRAZIL...
W-WHAT IS THIS! GET AWAY FROM ME!
YOU KNOW ABOUT THE AMAZON, THE STEAMING JUNGLE WITH ITS FIERCE INDIAN TRIBES...THIS, TOO, IS BRAZIL, DANTON!
HEAD-HUNTERS!
YOU LOOK ABOUT WITH TERROR AT THOSE SHRUNKEN HEADS... YOU KNOW THEY INTEND TO ADD YOURS TO THEIR COLLECTION!
I BEAT THE CHAIR...I GOT OUT OF THOSE AFRICAN TUNNELS...I CAN GET AWAY FROM THESE CURSED SAVAGES, TOO!
OUT OF MY WAY, YOU BLASTED DEVILS!
AIEEE!
AGHHH!
YOUR HEAD SPINS WITH THE SHRILLNESS OF THEIR FRENZIED SCREAMS...YOU KNOW A MERE PRICK OF ONE OF THOSE POISON DARTS WOULD MEAN AGONIZING DEATH...
D-DIAMONDS ARE HOLDING ME BACK...BETTER TO LOSE THEM THAN DIE!
IF THEY FOLLOW, I'LL TAKE A COUPLE OF 'EM TO THE BOTTOM WITH ME!
BUT THEY DON'T DIVE IN AFTER YOU, DANTON...YOU WATCH THEM RUN AND WONDER WHAT HAS FRIGHTENED THEM... YOU'LL FIND OUT SOON ENOUGH!
YA-A-A-A! I'M BEING EATEN ALIVE!

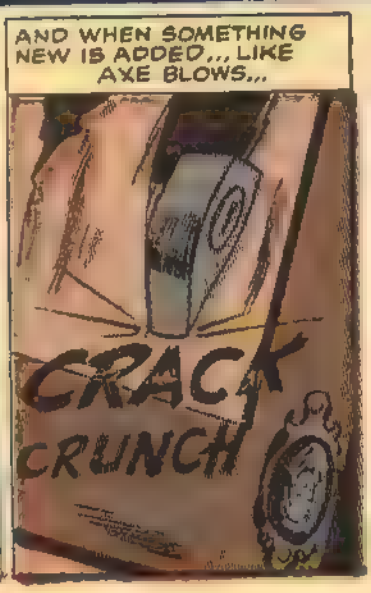
MAN-EATING PIRANHA FISH, DANTON! FOR EVERY ONE YOU BEAT OFF, A DOZEN TAKE ITS PLACE...
THERE'S GOT TO BE A WAY OUT OF THIS! I DON'T WANT TO DIE!
AGAIN, WHEN ALL SEEMS HOPELESS, YOU REMEMBER THE CONTROL BOX IN YOUR POCKET!
WHEREVER I GO IN THE WORLD THERE'S DANGER... DEATH WAITIN'--AT LEAST I HAVE FRIENDS HOME...THAT'S THE ONLY SAFE PLACE TO BE!
THE PIRANHAS ARE DRAGGING YOU DOWN WITH THE FEROCITY OF THEIR ATTACK... THERE ARE JUST SECONDS LEFT TO SAVE YOURSELF, DANTON...
YOU'VE GOT TO HELP ME, KUHL! I OUGHT TO KILL YOU FOR GETTIN' ME IN THIS MESS! NOW GET ME OUT...QUICK! BACK TO THE U.S.!
ONE LAST TIME YOU FLASH THROUGH SPACE, DANTON...
SO YOU'RE HOME, DANTON. BUT TERROR GRIPS YOU ONCE AGAIN...
N-NO... YOU CAN'T!
THIS IS YOUR LAST HOME, LEE DANTON ..YOU CANNOT ESCAPE THE DOOM YOU'VE DREADED MOST ..FOR YOU HAVE BEEN CONDEMNED!
THREE SECONDS...TWO SECONDS... ONE SECOND...MIDNIGHT! THROW THE SWITCH, EXECUTIONER!
THE END

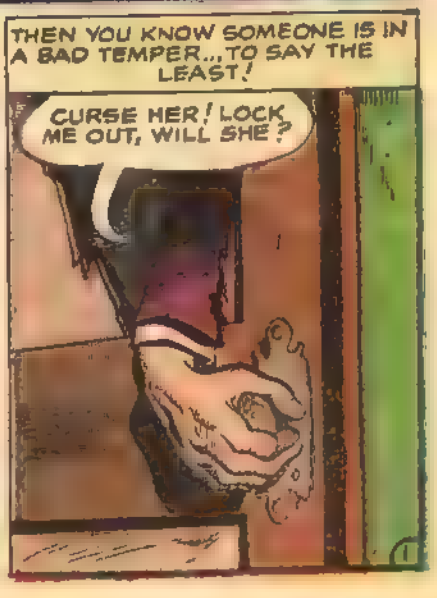
ATLAS FOR THE BEST IN SUSPENSE STORIES LOOK FOR THE ATLAS SEAL ON THE COVER! ATLAS

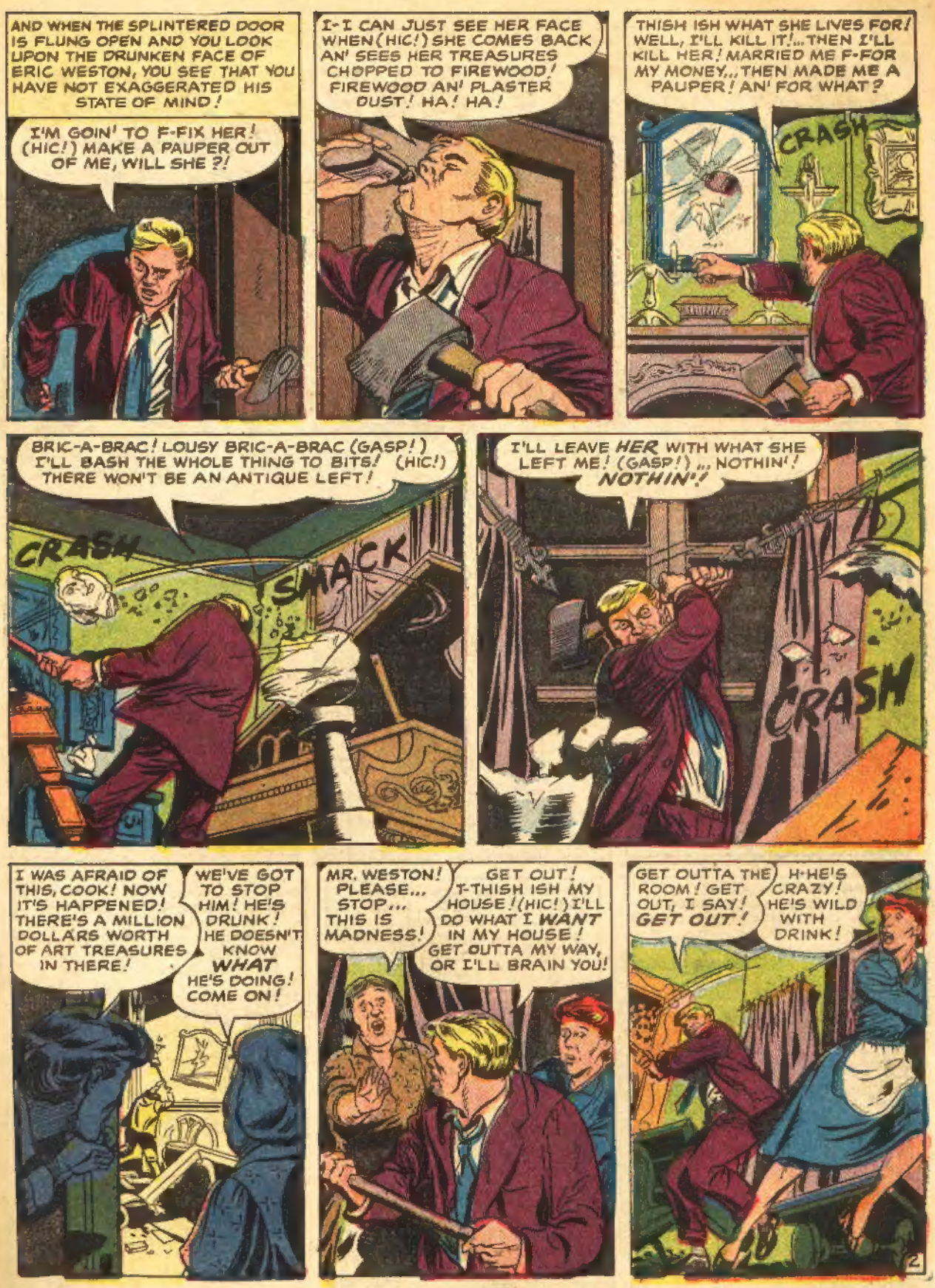
NOTHING IN LIFE GOES UNSEEN! EVEN THE MOST PERFECT MURDER, EXECUTED BEHIND LOCKED DOORS, WITH NO VISIBLE WITNESSES, HAS ITS...

INNOCENT BYSTANDER

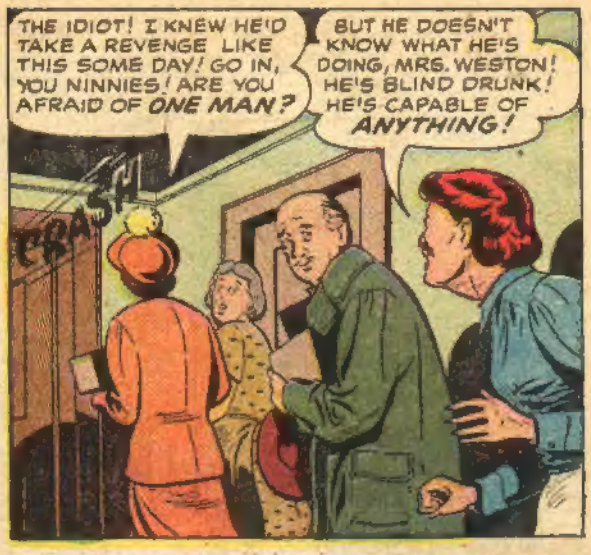







AND WHEN THE SPLINTERED DOOR IS FLUNG OPEN AND YOU LOOK UPON THE DRUNKEN FACE OF ERIC WESTON, YOU SEE THAT YOU HAVE NOT EXAGGERATED HIS STATE OF MIND!
I'M GOIN' TO F-FIX HER! (HIC!) MAKE A PAUPER OUT OF ME, WILL SHE?!
I-I CAN JUST SEE HER FACE WHEN (HIC!) SHE COMES BACK AN' SEES HER TREASURES CHOPPED TO FIREWOOD! FIREWOOD AN' PLASTER DUST! HA! HA!
THISH ISH WHAT SHE LIVES FOR! WELL, I'LL KILL IT!... THEN I'LL KILL HER! MARRIED ME F-FOR MY MONEY... THEN MADE ME A PAUPER! AN' FOR WHAT?
CRASH
BRIC-A-BRAC! LOUSY BRIC-A-BRAC (GASP!) I'LL BASH THE WHOLE THING TO BITS! (HIC!) THERE WON'T BE AN ANTIQUE LEFT!
CRASH
SMACK
I'LL LEAVE HER WITH WHAT SHE LEFT ME! (GASP!) ... NOTHIN'! NOTHIN'!
CRASH
I WAS AFRAID OF THIS, COOK! NOW IT'S HAPPENED! THERE'S A MILLION DOLLARS WORTH OF ART TREASURES IN THERE!
WE'VE GOT TO STOP HIM! HE'S DRUNK! HE DOESN'T KNOW WHAT HE'S DOING! COME ON!
MR. WESTON! PLEASE... STOP... THIS IS MADNESS!
GET OUT! T-THISH ISH MY HOUSE! (HIC!) I'LL DO WHAT I WANT IN MY HOUSE! GET OUTTA MY WAY, OR I'LL BRAIN YOU!
GET OUTTA THE ROOM! GET OUT, I SAY! GET OUT!
H-HE'S CRAZY! HE'S WILD WITH DRINK!
2

WHAT'S ALL THE RACKET ABOUT? WHAT'S GOING ON HERE?
M-MRS. WESTON! (GASP!) YOU'RE BACK! FOR HEAVEN'S SAKE, DON'T GO INTO THE SALON! MR. WESTON IS IN THERE! HE'S DRUNK! HE'S GOT AN AXE! HE'S DESTROYING ALL YOUR ANTIQUES!


THE IDIOT! I KNEW HE'D TAKE A REVENGE LIKE THIS SOME DAY! GO IN, YOU NINNIES! ARE YOU AFRAID OF ONE MAN?
BUT HE DOESN'T KNOW WHAT HE'S DOING, MRS. WESTON! HE'S BLIND DRUNK! HE'S CAPABLE OF ANYTHING!
CRASH

ERIC, YOU SNIVELLING IDIOT! STOP THIS RIDICULOUS SCENE! I WON'T HAVE IT!
AHH! MADAME HAS RETURNED! (HIC!) WITH MORE PURCHASES, I SEE! MORE TREASURES I CAN'T AFFORD! I WAS SAVING YOU FOR LAST, EMILY, BUT SINCE YOU'RE HERE...

I'LL GIVE YOU MY UNDIVIDED ATTENTION! YOU'VE ROBBED ME FROM THE DAY YOU MARRIED ME! NOW I'M GOING TO ROB YOU... OF YOUR LIFE!
ERIC! N-NO! NO!

EEEH!
CRUNCH
OHHH

I-I'M SORRY, MRS. WESTON! I HAD TO DO IT! H-HE'D HAVE KILLED YOU!
DON'T BE A FOOL! HE WAS ONLY BLUFFING! CARRY HIM UP TO HIS ROOM! PUT HIM TO BED! HE'LL BE ALL RIGHT IN THE MORNING!

I HOPE MADAME WILL SLEEP ELSEWHERE TONIGHT! MR. WESTON MAY RECOVER DURING THE NIGHT! HE MAY TRY TO HURT MADAME AGAIN!
I'LL KEEP MY DOOR LOCKED! I'LL SPEAK TO THE POLICE ABOUT IT IN THE MORNING!

THE IDIOT! LOOK WHAT HE'S DONE! SMASHED SOME OF MY MOST PRICELESS TREASURES!
PERHAPS MADAME OUGHT NOT TO BRING HER NEW PURCHASES INTO THE HOUSE! IT WOULD ONLY ADD FUEL TO THE FIRE!

I WILL NOT BE DICTATED TO! YES... I MARRIED ERIC TO BUY THESE THINGS! THEY'RE MY LIFE, THESE ANTIQUES! AND I WILL NOT BE INTIMIDATED! BRING THEM UPSTAIRS TO MY ROOM!
YES, MA'AM!

THIS ONE FASCINATES ME! YOU SAY IT HAS AN UGLY HISTORY?
A WEIRD HISTORY, MRS. WESTON! WHOEVER HAS OWNED IT HAS PERISHED HORRIBLY! IT IS CONSIDERED A JINX! CONSIDERING YOUR HUSBAND'S STATE OF MIND, I WOULD GIVE THAT JINX SERIOUS CONSIDERATION...

NONSENSE! I DESPISE SUPERSTITION! I FEAR NOTHING... LEAST OF ALL, MY STUPID HUSBAND! IF ANYONE SHALL DIE, IT IS HE! AND HE'LL DIE PENNILESS... AS LONG AS I HAVE ANYTHING TO SAY ABOUT IT!
YES, MADAME! I'D BETTER GO NOW, MA'AM!

I KNOW ERIC WELL! THE COWARD! HE'D HAVE TO GET DRUNK TO HAVE ENOUGH COURAGE TO HURT ME! YES, THERE'S NO LOVE LOST BETWEEN US... BUT HE'S RICH! IT TAKES MONEY TO BUY THESE BEAUTIFUL THINGS...
CLICK

I MUST HAVE THAT MONEY! THESE ART OBJECTS ARE MY PASSION... MY ONLY INTEREST IN LIFE! LET ERIC TWIST THIS WAY OR THAT... HE'S TRAPPED! HE MUST PAY MY BILLS... FOR I WILL NEVER LET HIM FREE...

THERE'S SUCH ENDLESS FASCINATION IN ANTIQUES! EVERY ONE HAS A HISTORY! SO THIS ONE'S A JINX, EH? THOSE WHO POSSESS IT DIE HORRIBLY! FASCINATING! SIMPLY FASCINATING!

THAT NIGHT, AS MRS. WESTON SLUMBERED AND DREAMED OF BIGGER AND BETTER ANTIQUES... AND OF THE HELPLESS RAGE OF THE MAN WHO PAID FOR THEM...
WAKE UP, MY DEAR! I SHOULD LIKE YOU TO BE AWARE OF WHAT IS HAPPENING TO YOU!

WAKE UP! I WANT TO SEE THE SURPRISE IN YOUR EYES!
W-WHAT...?! (GASP!)...

BUT AS THE WISE MEN SAY... "MURDER WILL OUT"... AND SOMEONE MUST PAY FOR THE TAKING OF LIFE...
THE DOOR WAS LOCKED... WE HAD TO BREAK IT DOWN! NOBODY COULD HAVE ENTERED THE ROOM EXCEPT MR. WESTON! HE HAD THE ONLY KEY TO THIS ROOM!
SO YOU MADE GOOD YOUR THREAT, EH, WESTON? YOU ENTERED THIS ROOM WITH YOUR KEY AND STRANGLED YOUR WIFE TO DEATH!
NO! NO! I WAS UNCONSCIOUS ALL NIGHT, I TELL YOU!

YOU'RE A LIAR! YOU'VE THREATENED TO MURDER YOUR WIFE FOR YEARS! NOW YOU DID IT! WHY DON'T YOU CONFESS?
WE DON'T NEED HIS CONFESSION! THE EVIDENCE SPEAKS FOR ITSELF! COME ON, YOU CRUMB! YOU'RE GOING TO BURN FOR THIS!
N-NO! NO! EEAAAA!

THERE'S ANOTHER PART TO THE SUPERSTITION THAT STUPID ANTIQUE DEALER FORGOT TO MENTION! I ALWAYS DISAPPEAR AFTER MY OWNER DIES!
5

I MUST BECOME AN "INNOCENT BYSTANDER" TO ANOTHER MURDER! BUT YOU'LL KEEP MY SECRET, WON'T YOU, MRS. WESTON? HEEE! HEEE! THEY ALL DO!
THE END

ATLAS FOR THE BEST IN SUSPENSE STORIES LOOK FOR THE ATLAS SEAL ON THE COVER! ATLAS